The Sketch

No. 2516—Vol. CXCIV. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND THREEPENCE.

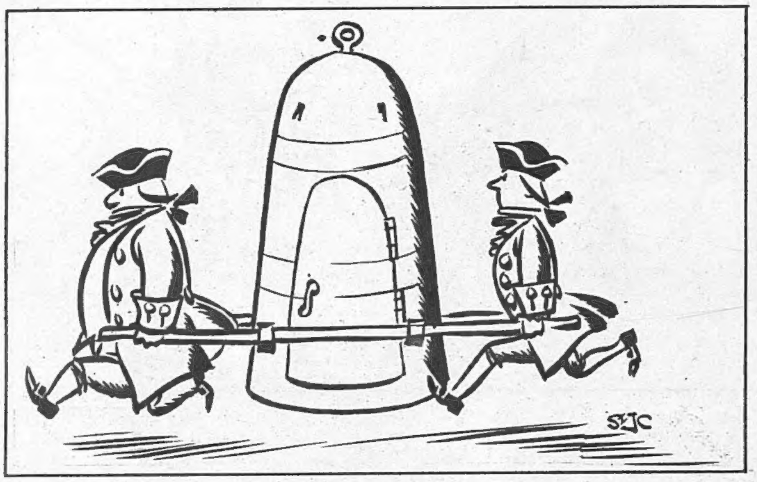
YOUTH AND PEP—BY FRED AND PAULETTE.

FRED ASTAIRE, *the King of Dance, has a new Queen in Paramount's* " SECOND CHORUS," *which is due at the Plaza on April 11. Fred plays college band-leader Danny O'Neil,* PAULETTE GODDARD *is ex-secretary dancer Ellen Miller, and in our still they are shown with* BURGESS MEREDITH *(right), who makes his comedy début in this picture as Hank Taylor. He will be remembered for his appearances in* " *Winterset* " *and* " *Of Mice and Men.*" *Add that Artie Shaw and his band are also in the cast, and it will be seen that it's no exaggeration to describe the picture as likely to prove a* " *pay-box battering-ram.*"

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Boiled Brains. The Highbrow has been getting into hot water. Already half-baked, he is now half-boiled in a cauldron heated up by *The Times*. He is accused of a "weak and arrogant contempt for the common man," which has "tainted so much of the intellectualism of the past twenty years." He is "impatient, intolerant, self-indulgent and touchy," and people are sick of him and his antics. So, at least, the columns of *The Times* would seem to show. However, the challenge has not gone unanswered. Mr. Stephen Spender considers the attack worthy only of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and defends the Highbrows chiefly on the ground that their politics have always been so right and good—doubtless an arguable point, but what is its relevance to the artistic merits of the Highbrow? An elder



Blitz-Sedan.

DRAWN BY ST. J. COOPER.

Spender—J. A. of that ilk, who never touches any subject without contributing a word of real wisdom to it—pleads the cause of the "Middlebrow."

The Ordinary Bloke.

Before we make up our minds about the Highbrow, we ought at least to ask ourselves what we mean by the term. I, for one, certainly do not mean a person of intelligence, education and good taste (which is acquired only by training). I have occasionally moved in circles where the dread word "highbrow" was flung by nitwits at anybody who professed the slightest interest in anything which was not utterly trivial. If to be reasonably intelligent is to be an Intellectual, then I would rather be an Intellectual than the sort of individual—we all know him—who is fond of proclaiming, with great pride, that he is a Lowbrow. I have a very genuine respect for the person who is now so frequently described as the Common Man, or, if you like, the Ordinary Bloke; I respect not only his good sense and sturdiness of character, but often his grey matter; I may have read more books than he has, but he frequently puts me to shame with his understanding of things of which I am pitifully ignorant. I believe that I know him better, like him better, and can get on with him better, than many of the Intellectuals who profess to be so anxious for his welfare. But I agree with Sir Kenneth Clark that it would be foolish to regard him as the final or the best-qualified judge in matters of art.

"Lord Haw-Haw again, I presume, your Grace?"

DRAWN BY DAVID ROXFORD.

Tessa, Vanessa and Egbert. And so, if it really must be a choice (which it needn't be) between a dome-like forehead and no forehead at all, then I'll take the high brow and you can take the low brow. But my complaint about a great many of the so-called Intellectuals is that they are not intellectual at all. I have the poorest possible opinion of their intellects. They seem to me to be dabblers and smatterers and would-be's who have not learned, and never propose to learn, the elements of their job; and it is my firm conviction that art, or any kind of creative or intellectual achievement, is just as much a matter of hard work as of inspiration. I have met a good many of these would-be's, male and female, young and old, and they strike me as the most pathetic mortals I know. If they want to sprout beards and wear *djibbahs* and forget to wash or get their hair cut—well, it's a free country, and God forbid that we should all be cast in the same mould. But to go through life imagining that to make a guy of yourself is to make a genius of yourself—that is surely a human tragedy. I really do not know any more pitiful creatures than these Demi-semis who go on pretending to themselves and others that they are Artists; who must at all costs be *different*—so that, like Mr. Farjeon's Tessa, Vanessa and Egbert, they can find nothing in modern art worthy of their enthusiasm except Mickey Mouse; and who have to go on clinging desperately to the delusion that the phantom Art which they pursue is worth all the rest of life put together.

Bedlamese. Have they more intelligence than I, poor clod of earth, am capable of perceiving? Well, I will offer no opinion about their music and their painting, since I do not know enough about the mechanics of those arts to be able to compete in technical patter. But, unless my whole life has been misspent, I ought to be able to understand printed words in prose or poetry. A young man of my acquaintance has recently become interested in two very "advanced" poetry periodicals, and has sent me specimens of them. There is not a word in them, from beginning to end, which is not just plain gibberish. Here is a sample—

"I cry Corbiere, Corbiere
As if he were not there
With tooth above the rim
Dashing my seraphim
Like twirled thermometers.

The walls go canker-lit
As past the dark we spit
And truly hail that love
That is precedent of
The blessed catheters."

Or get a load of this—

"Slantlegged girls swaye broad away downefield
Andde the legginges of the black trees loosen
The earth's elephant skin wrinkles crumbles
When the blacke girls go singing and swinginge
There aint no God butte Fridaye and he's in
The fish there aint no lover butte's roostin
So foller this chicken foller this bird
Chuck chuck chuck my luck's in the ground highboye."

Clever? Original? I affirm—I, the dull-witted reactionary—that if I chose to waste the time, I could turn this stuff out by the yard; and what is more, I think I could have done so at about the age of sixteen.

Brain on the Brain. No; the trouble with so many of these clever people is that they are not clever, even judging cleverness by its lowest standard. But there is another type of Intellectual who *does* possess an intellect, and who is

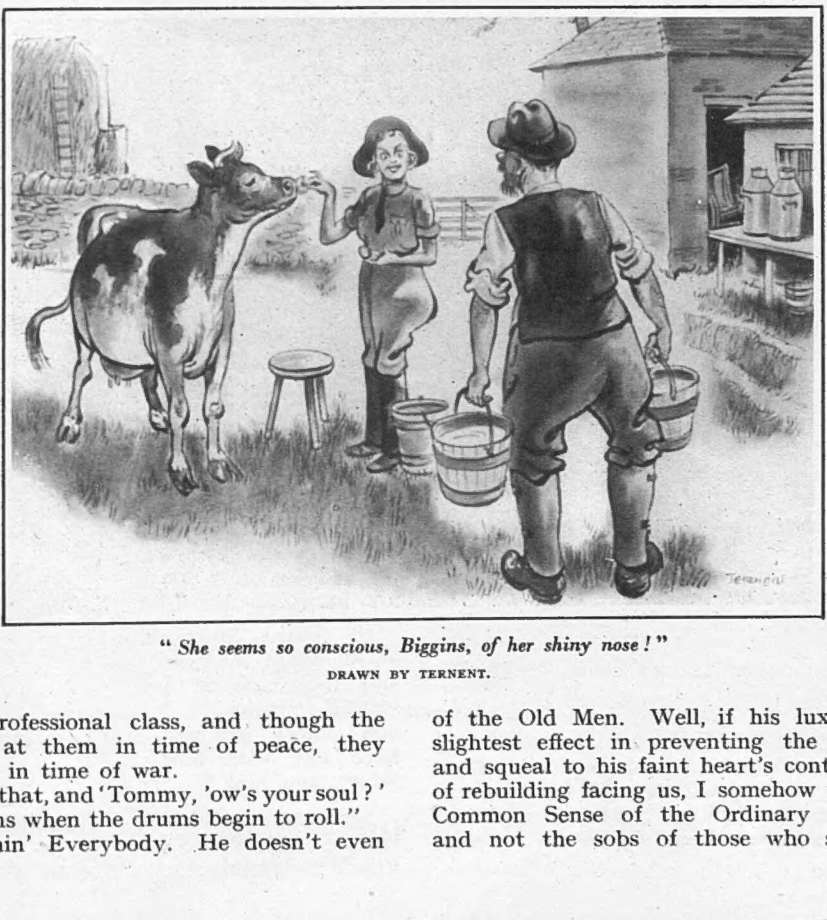
more of a force to be reckoned with. His vice is that of intellectual snobbery. He suffers from brain on the brain. He labours under the delusion that the only matter in the world that matters is grey matter. Scorn is his favourite emotion—scorn of everything which exists outside the sham little world which he has created for himself. He makes the fatal mistake of thinking that nimble-wittedness is the same thing as wisdom. And yet he considers himself extremely wise; he is ready to manage everybody else's affairs for him, though he can seldom manage his own. He has the strongest views on commonplace institutions like marriage, but you will generally find that his own experiments in mateship have been a ghastly mess. He is always ready to rebuild the entire world, though if you give him a simple job of management to do, he will make a mess of that too, and always for the same reason—that he is utterly intolerant of any opinion but his own and instantly quarrels when he is asked to co-operate with anybody else. He dreads, above all else, the suspicion of being respectable or ordinary, and the efforts which he always feels bound to make to appear disreputable and extraordinary must be as exhausting to himself as they are boring to others.

Sense and Sensibility.

We have all writhed under the Distinguished Person who assures the boys at Speech Day that "brains aren't everything"; but nobody, whether Blimp or another, ever spoke a truer word. That shrewd observer of human nature, Samuel Butler (not himself unblessed with brains), was never tired of insisting that Reason is worthless without Intuition. There is no necessary connection at all between brains and common sense. The more you see of them, the more astonished you are at the silliness of which very clever people are sometimes capable. Even a lunatic can often reason in the most ingenious, plausible manner, and the world is simply full of brilliant reasoning on rotten foundations. It is the foundations which matter, and they will not be found in intellectual exhibitionism, but in the experience and the judgment of generations of ordinary men. Anybody who despises the ordinary can never himself be extraordinary in the long run, though he may make a momentary pother. If the Highbrow is in eclipse, it is because he has misdirected such talents as he has to making an impression on his own little clique, and no art can ever thrive on the mutual admiration of cliques and coteries.

Not as Other Men.

The Highbrow may seem to be of remote importance in these days of Lowbrow realities, but actually he is not irrelevant to the war and all it means to this nation. I suppose there is nothing on which the Intellectual has poured more of his contempt than the "military virtues." The sight of a Boy Scout either made him sick or convulsed him with mirth, and it roused him to Olympian wrath that schools and universities should encourage "war-mongering" by maintaining an Officers' Training Corps. Even national defence was "war-mongering," and the Highbrow bitterly condemned and resisted it—though he was eager to intervene in half-a-dozen foreign quarrels to vindicate his politics. If he wanted to attach a ridiculous title to an object of his satire, he called him a Colonel or a "retired Major." Words like "loyalty" or "patriotism" made him spit or curl his lip. Another horror of which he stood in morbid dread was "sentiment." Naturally, nothing that his own country did or thought could ever be right; and as for the Empire, it was something to be mentioned only with shame and apology. On no account was any individual to be brought up with any sense of discipline or of that comic, old-fashioned superstition called duty.



"She seems so conscious, Biggins, of her shiny nose!"

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

Thick Red Line.

Where should we be to-day if the Creed of the Highbrow had taken hold of England—as Hitler and Goebbels and Ribbentrop believed that it had? Once upon a time the "military virtues" were considered the badge of a professional class, and though the Highbrows doubtless laughed at them in time of peace, they were thankful enough for them in time of war.

"It's Tommy this and Tommy that, and 'Tommy, 'ow's your soul?'
But it 's Mr. Bloomin' Atkins when the drums begin to roll."

But nowadays it 's Mr. Bloomin' Everybody. He doesn't even get the "production" that Mr. Atkins used to get—the stage is far too crowded for anybody to have a monopoly of the limelight. For some reason which, if he attempted to put it into words, Bloomsbury would consider too, too shatteringly bromide, he feels that there is nothing for him to do but to stick to the old, platitudinous virtues which seem more likely to meet the situation than slick *mots* and fierce denunciations of the Old Men who caused the war. In justice to the Highbrows, let it be said that many of them have had to descend to these same vulgar virtues. It must be very humiliating for them, but I rather think that, if they are artists at all, they will be all the better artists for having changed their minds.

Partial Eclipse.

I do not feel too confident that the Highbrow is even yet "in eclipse," as we are told that he is. He was still very vocal at the beginning of this war. He had a good deal to say about "panic" and the "fussiness" of Air-Raid Precautions, and was rich in merry quips about the comic people who made themselves ridiculous as Air-Raid Wardens or Home Guardsmen. An Oxford don wrote a letter to *The Times* pleading that the best young brains of the Universities should be shielded from the brutalities of the conflict, and preserved for the future intellectual glory of the nation. There were people who talked as if it were more important that young men should go on learning Latin and Greek than that the British Commonwealth of Nations should survive. Even now, some of our pundits are telling us that when it comes to reconstruction, the way of salvation will lie in class warfare, and some of our clever-clever weeklies are preaching to their already converted readers that all our tribulations are due to the deliberate conspiracy of the Old Gang. If the Highbrow is in eclipse, it is far from being a black-out which would satisfy any conscientious patrolling warden.

"Look, darling! Dog-fight!"

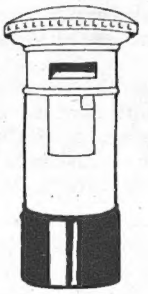
DRAWN BY GEORGE DAVIES.

Sob - Stuff.

And I have no doubt that we shall hear a great deal from the Highbrow when the war is over. He will write "stark" novels about the horrors of the *Blitz* and its deplorable effect on Tessa, Vanessa and Egbert, whose poems and pictures and symphonies were killed within them by the despair which seized upon their poor, defeatist little souls. He will wail and squeal—as he did after the last war—that it is not his fault if he is weak and futile and barren, because he belongs to a Lost Generation which has been "robbed of its birthright" by the folly and malice of the Old Men. Well, if his luxury of self-pity can have the slightest effect in preventing the next war, then let him wail and squeal to his faint heart's content; but when there is a task of rebuilding facing us, I somehow think that it will again be the Common Sense of the Ordinary Bloke which will do the job, and not the sobs of those who sit and weep over the ruins.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We still drop in at Faith's house on Sunday mornings, but since sherry became a rarity we have been having coffee. There was quite a crowd there last Sunday, and the conversation turned on Christian names. Somebody said they wondered what Mrs. Whinebite's name was, because she only signed the initial " E."

" ' Ethel,' I should think," said Faith.

" ' Edith,' " said the Conductor.

" Oh, no," said Lady B. " Something much rarer than that. Esmerelda or Ermyntrude."

" As a matter of fact, it 's Euphemia," said Colonel Simpkins's little niece, who works at the Food Office.

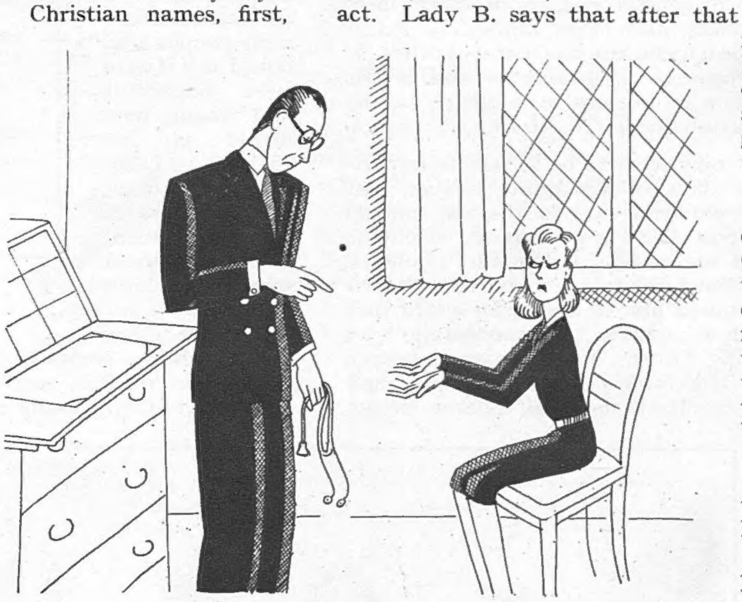
" But of course ! " said Faith. " Euphemia ! It 's quite perfect. How seldom it is that people have names which really suit them ! "

" How did you know that it was Euphemia ? " I said, looking at Colonel Simpkins's little niece with a good deal of respect, for Mrs. Whinebite is not the sort of person with whom one comes easily to Christian-name terms.

" In the Food Office we know *everybody's* Christian names, first,

" ' As a matter of fact, it 's Euphemia.' "

second, third *and* fourth," said the Simpkins' niece, looking round the room with a mischievous gleam in her eye.



" Ever since he told her that her nicotine-stained fingers made him feel sick."

Several people looked rather uncomfortable, but none more than Charles, who turned a dull red and shuffled with his feet, for his second name is Orlando, and he conceals the fact with a stealth which is quite foreign to his open and guileless nature. All the time we were engaged he gave me to understand that it was Oliver, and as I could never bring myself to listen to our banns being published, it was not until the actual wedding that I learnt the truth. At the fateful words, " Wilt thou, Charles Orlando," I felt his hand tremble, but put it down to bridegroom's nerves.

Afterwards, when we were driving away from the church, I said : " I didn't know your second name was Orlando."

" Do you mind frightfully ? " said Charles, looking miserable.

" I don't mind at all," I said. " Why, you might have been called Bernard."

" What 's the matter with Bernard ? " said Charles.

" It 's like a dog, for one thing," I said. " And what 's the matter with Orlando, anyway ? "

" Please don't say it again, Henrietta," said Charles. " Please never, *never* say it again ! ", and I promised I wouldn't.

And now as I looked across Faith's drawing-room I was afraid that the secret of Charles's heart was about to be opened. The eyes of the Simpkins' niece were dancing with malice, for she has borne Charles a grudge ever since he told her that her nicotine-stained fingers made him feel sick, and cut her down to ten cigarettes a day.

I took a deep breath. " The Linnet's second name is Mabel," I said loudly, throwing my child to the lions for her father's sake. " We called her that after one of Charles's aunts whom we hoped would leave us some money, but she didn't."

This remark provoked many expressions of sympathy for the Linnet, under cover of which the Simpkins' niece leant towards me and said in a low voice, " I wasn't going to give the *Linnet* away, you know."

I smiled brightly at her and went on : " Bill's name is William George, so he has nothing to fear. By the way, Bill may be coming home for Easter. If the Linnet gets off too, and there are some other young people about, we might have a dance or something."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw malice die out of the face of the Simpkins' niece, and wistfulness take its place. There isn't much fun for girls down here nowadays. I felt rather mean, especially as there isn't the slightest chance of Bill and the Linnet getting home for Easter ; but I had to do something to rescue Charles.

On the way home Charles gave me a Look, and then said : " You seem to have been doing a lot of cooking lately, Henrietta. What about lunch out to-day ? "

So we drove up to the Hotel, just as though we were Visitors with plenty of time and money to spare, and had roast chicken.

We have been doing another play. I wish you could have seen the Admiral in one of those long, curly wigs. He really was magnificent. Unfortunately, he found it very hot, and would take it off between scenes, and the Conductor sat on it all through one act. Lady B. says that after that it looked more like a bird's-nest than anything else. Faith, with her hair piled on top of her head, looked so lovely that everybody gasped when she came on to the stage.

I was taking the part of one of England's less majestic Queens, and had a crown the size of a teacup perched on my head. At the dress rehearsal it fell off three times, and reduced the cast to helpless laughter, and the Producer to a state bordering on frenzy.

" Can't you keep that thing on your head, Henrietta ? "

" I do try, but the hair-pins come out."

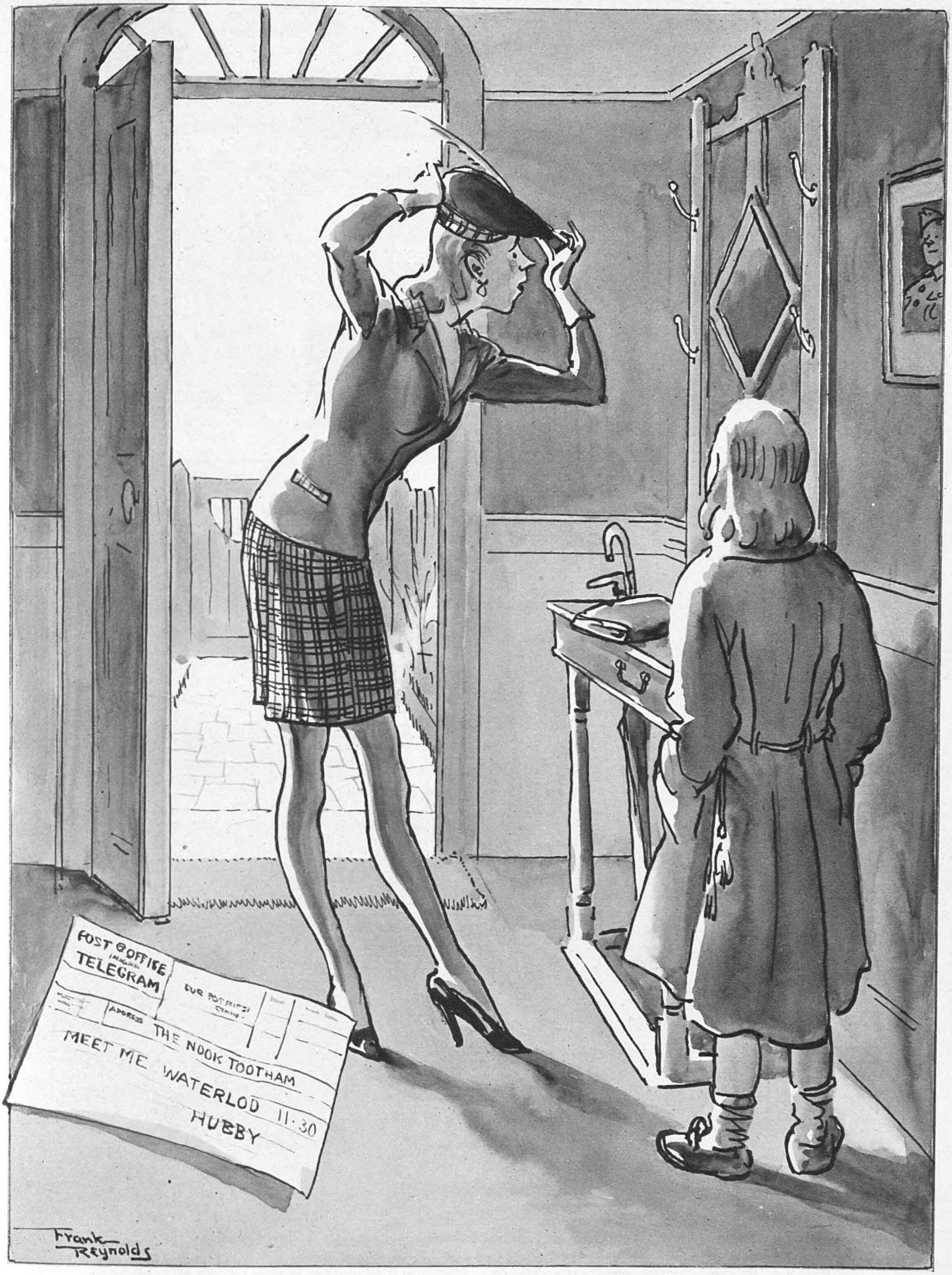
" Well, you must try harder. We can't have this sort of thing going on."

The next morning I set to work with a piece of elastic, and evolved a satisfactory anchor. When Charles came home to lunch he found me frying sausages, my crown perched securely on my head.

He stood looking at me for a moment and then said in a hushed voice, " I don't think you can have any idea how funny you look."

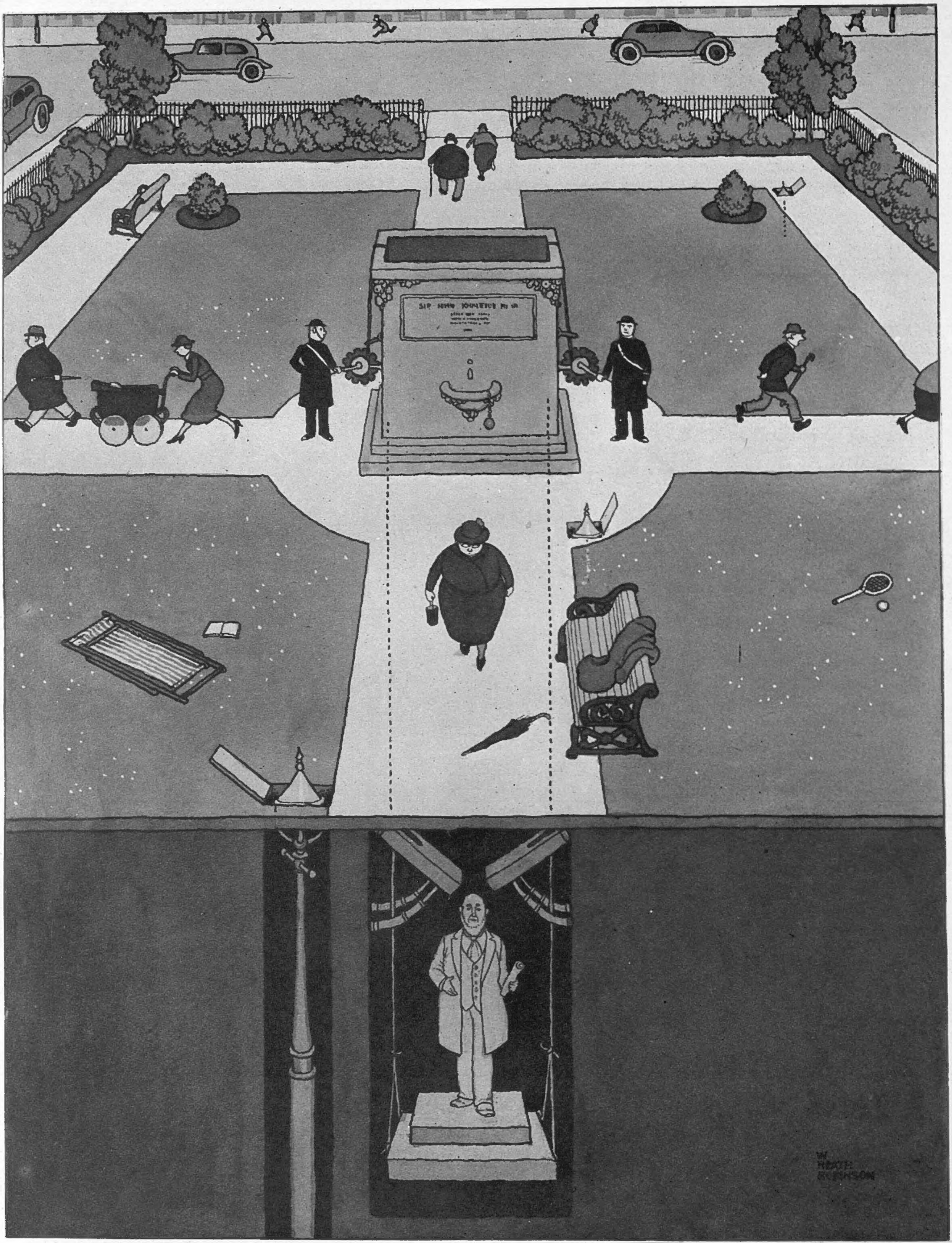
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

" My crown perched securely on my head."



"YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP ON YOUR DRESSING-GOWN, DARLING—MUMMY'S USING YOUR SKIRT."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A PLAN FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR STATUE POPULATION.

The immense statue population of London has not, as yet, received adequate protection in wartime, though it is true that one or two important memorials have had special attention. W. Heath Robinson this week suggests a simple device by which this apparent oversight on the part of A.R.P. authorities might be remedied. The magic disappearance of our statues and other prominent features of London Squares would then automatically take place at the sound of the Alert.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

MISS FRANCES CLARE *and* MR. EUGENE DICKERS, *the Belgian baritone.*

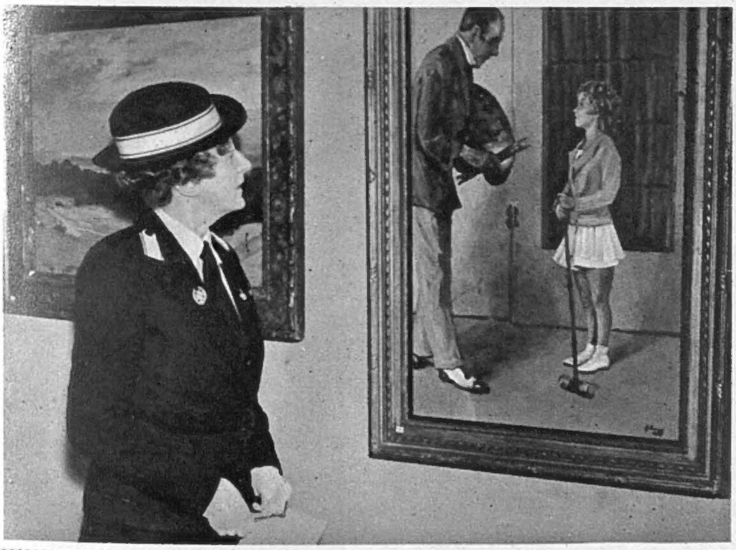
MISS THELMA CAZALET, M.P., *this year's buyer for the Contemporary Art Society.*

PERSONALITIES—ACTUAL AND PICTORIAL AT THE LAVERY SHOW.

THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY THE LATE SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., drew many distinguished people to the Leicester Galleries on Private View Day to look at the exhibits, which included numerous portraits of celebrated personalities, such as Pavlova, Shirley Temple, Lady Oxford and, of course, the late Lady Lavery. Mrs. William Blackwood, formerly Miss Diana Dickinson, is a granddaughter of the late Sir John Lavery, and step-granddaughter of the late Lady Lavery.

"PAVLOVA AS THE DYING SWAN, 1912"; *by the late Sir John Lavery, R.A.*

"THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, 1932"; *by the late Sir John Lavery, R.A.*



The DOWAGER LADY SWAYTHLING *looks at "Sir John Lavery and Shirley Temple, 1936."*

MRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, *eldest granddaughter of the late Sir John Lavery, looking at a portrait of the late Lady Lavery.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

Do plays make films? It sounds rather like Alice in Wonderland's celebrated "Do cats eat bats?"; but it is pertinent, nevertheless, as pertinent as Lewis Carroll is, too, when you come to study him. The question turns up again this week, over the case of "MAJOR BARBARA," at the Odeon. I must confess that "Major Barbara" confirms my earlier doubts over "How He Lied to Her Husband" and "Arms and the Man," which were filmed in the talkie's pioneer days. "Pygmalion," as Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard handled it, was charming, cultivated cinema stuff. But then "Pygmalion" was a tale by itself. It was less Shaw than Cinderella, less drama than dream-romance.

"Major Barbara," like most of the Shaw works, is straight theatre. It belongs to an age in which actors, prompted by a sage dramatist, could sit behind footlights and talk to their audience. There is no denying the wisdom of what they have to say. Every word is tempered and measured—an adaptor could scarcely edit a speech without leaving pearls all over the cutting-room. Gabriel Pascal, to whom G. B. S. has entrusted the task of bringing his plays to the screen, is acutely aware of his responsibility. He knows that he has been given the Shaw plays in trust, and he is intensely loyal to that trust. He has done right by Shaw in "Major Barbara," Has he done quite right by the cinema?

"The Fighting 69th" (Warner Theatre) gives George Brent the part of a living man to play—that of the Colonel Donovan who recently toured the British Isles as special United States investigator into war conditions over here. Jerry Plunkett (JAMES CAGNEY) *is the regimental bad boy—undisciplined and wild. When the 69th is at the front in France, Jerry deliberately fires a rocket which brings down a terrific barrage from the enemy.*

This is a fascinating problem which every picturegoer must decide for himself. See "Major Barbara." As an honest, uncompromising translation of a great play, it is clamorously worth your attention. It has enough matter for discussion to keep you talking till the war ends. But is it a great film?

My own personal reaction to "Major Barbara" is one of impatience mingled with hope. Impatience that a man who knows as much about the cinema as Gabriel Pascal should have allowed himself to be so frustrated. Hope that the signs of independence he shows here and there in "Major Barbara" are harbingers of a greater freedom of expression. For, mind you, "Major Barbara" isn't the last Shaw play we are going to see on the screen.

. . . . .

"Major Barbara," in the main, is the play that Shaw wrote in 1906, an argument that the worst sin in the world is poverty. Over the main theme is embroidered a colourful story of a munitions king, whose daughter embraces the Salvation Army, is heartbroken when the Army accepts her father's money torn from guns and shells, and who, finally, settles down in a workman's cottage with a spectacled young man, a student of Greek, whom her father has whimsically elected as his successor in the armaments trust. The thesis is still, as Shaw stated it in his original preface, that "Barbara is her father's accomplice; that the Salvation Army is the accomplice of the distiller and the dynamite maker; that they can no more escape one another than they can escape the air they breathe; that there is no salvation for them through personal righteousness, but only through the redemption of the whole nation from its vicious, lazy, competitive anarchy."

The theme is as sound to-day as it was thirty years ago. My only question is whether the presentation should be the same. Largely it is the same, which is why, in my contention, "Major Barbara" is largely unpersuasive. Film audiences of the 1940's are not of precisely the same temper as stage audiences of the early 1900's. That both Shaw and Pascal sense the change is obvious in certain moments of the film. The additional scenes which Shaw has written are markedly more in keeping with modern thought. As for Pascal, his loyalty to the master and his sensibility to the cinema have brought him into a dilemma, and as the film develops, he increasingly shows it.

Nowhere is the conflict more clearly defined than in the character of Bill Walker, the dockside bully. Robert Newton plays the bully, and in contrast to the neat stage performances of Mr. Harrison, Mr. Morley, Miss Löhr, Mr. Hudd and Mr. Williams, and the Galatea-like stillness of Miss Hiller's Barbara, his work is all cinema. It has the effect, without deliberate ostentation, of being constantly in close-up. It is inescapable, and Mr. Pascal hasn't even tried to escape it. Greatly daring, and without the least justification from the play, he brings Bill Walker into the final close-up. You see Miss Hiller marching along towards the camera, one arm linked in Mr. Harrison's, one in Mr. Newton's. Theatrically, sociologically, academically, it's as wrong as can be, but cinematically it is right, and a happy omen that Mr. Pascal may be on the brink of independence.

"THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH" (Gaumont) is a work that was deliberately designed for the camera and microphone. As urgent and authoritative as the nine-o'clock news, it constructs a faithful picture of American life in the fateful years 1914-18, and shows us a great democracy finding, as Mr. Churchill would say, its soul.

"The Ramparts" is the first full-length feature to be made by the "March of Time" organisation. Like the "March of Time" regular issues, it uses a combination of newsreel shots and studio scenes acted by unprofessional players. The scene is a typical American small city, known as Sometown. The course of history is shown through its effects on a group of typical citizens, to whom Europe, at first, seems very far away. It neither rants nor boasts, but gives a steady picture of a nation, of its own free will, girding itself in the struggle against a threat to its way of living. No arguments are advanced about the present war, but with the inclusion of scenes from the German propaganda film "The Baptism of Fire," the parallel is left to speak for itself.

"VIRGINIA" (Carlton) doesn't matter much one way or the other, but is charming and pretty, with Madeleine Carroll as the Southern-born, Northern-bred girl torn between Virginian Fred MacMurray and Yankee Stirling Hayden. All are good, all are personable, and it's just too bad that she can't have both of them. The Technicolor casts a loving, romantic glow over everything, and "Virginia" ends with orange-blossoms.

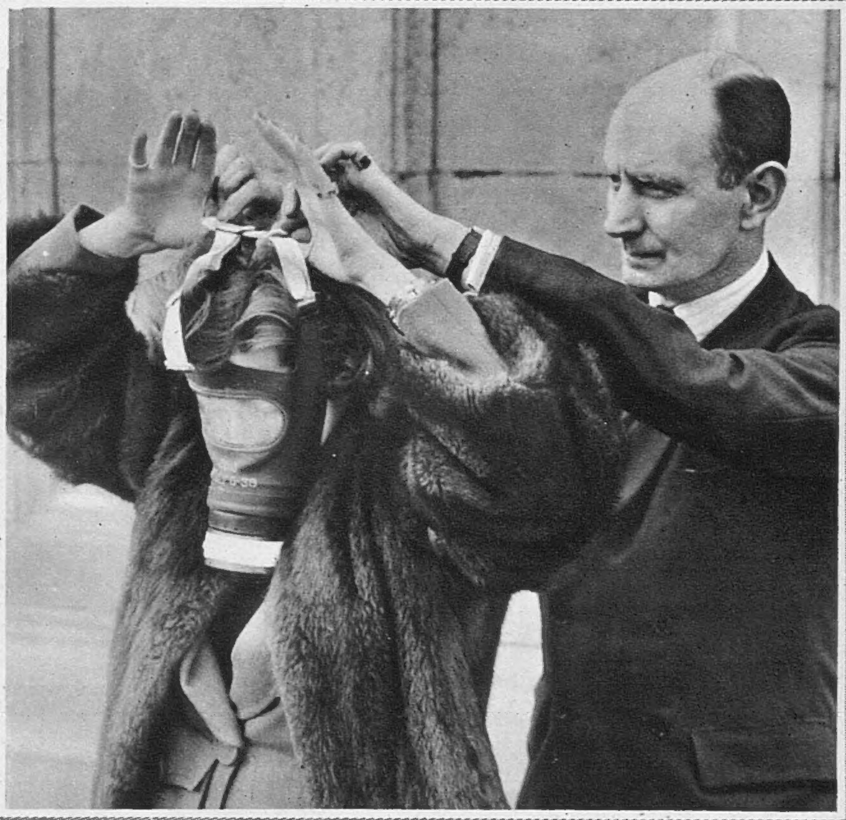
Jerry (capless) is in trouble again, for fighting Sergeant Mike Wynn (ALAN HALE; *right), a man twice his size; and not all the persuasion, forceful or otherwise, of Father Duffy* (PAT O'BRIEN; *left) or Colonel ("Wild Bill") Donovan* (GEORGE BRENT) *has any effect on him, though in action he proves a screaming coward. For this he is court-martialled and sentenced to death, but later being released by Father Duffy, he saves the parson's life in heroic circumstances.*

HOW TO PUT YOUR GAS-MASK ON— BY THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

Position one—put the thumbs under the head-harness.

Position two—mask held up and chin well forward.

Position two—from another angle.



Position three—how to draw the straps back over the head.

MISS SARAH CHURCHILL, in private life Mrs. Vic. Oliver, second daughter of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Winston Churchill, is here giving a demonstration, assisted by WING COMMANDER HODSOLL, Inspector General of Civil Defence Services, of the correct way to put on your gas-mask. The three movements, which should be practised at least once a week, so that they become practically automatic, are clearly illustrated by our photographs.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN WARTIME.

By THEODORA BENSON and BETTY ASKWITH.

Authors of "Foreigners; or the World in a Nutshell."

ILLUSTRATED BY TOPOLSKI.

THE House of Lords has an atmosphere which Lorelei, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," used to describe as "reverents." The attendants, in black knee-breeches and snowy white shirt-fronts, have an air of mingled old-world dignity and courtesy which is inimitable. Even the peers, though not, of course, as impressive as the attendants, form a very proper part of the solemnity. The very policemen are fatherly in their kindness and archiepiscopal in their dignity. The policemen in the Commons are good, but in the Lords they are better. For instance, last week in the Commons a policeman directing us to the Ladies' Gallery remarked jokingly: "It's where you see the light over the door. Red lamp for danger!" A House of Lords policeman would never have unbent so far.

LORD BEAVERBROOK, *Minister of Aircraft Production, makes for the Government benches.*

Daughters of peers who have demeaned themselves by marrying commoners are relegated to a horrid little pen on the floor of the House, but we spinsters are allowed up into the Peeresses' Gallery. This gives one rather a delusive feeling of privilege and at-homeness. When, however, one comes to reckon it up one's privileges are not so great. One can sit in the gallery and listen to the speeches. One can wash one's hands and tidy in a spacious ante-chamber furnished rather like an old-fashioned country-house bedroom. One can, if escorted by a peer, have tea, with a peculiarly solid, rather good kind of plum cake. But that is about all. There are a great many rules which prevent one doing other things. One cannot read a newspaper in the gallery, which perhaps makes sense, because the rustling might disturb their Lordships; but neither can one read a book, which seems tiresome. Probably no one has ever tried unwrapping and eating a ham sandwich, but it is likely they have made a rule about that, too. One can enter the Princes' Chamber (the ante-room to the House), but one has a tinge of feeling that one is unwanted and superfluous; and there is a definite rule against one's sitting down, so, huddled in a timid way by the door, watched over by a menacing statue of the elder Pitt, one enviously watches their Lordships kicking their noble legs on the exceedingly comfortable red leather fire-guards in front of the two blazing fires.

The *décor* of the Lords is considerably gayer than that of the Commons. It riots in an absolute profusion of scarlet and gilt. The two red thrones are set under an amazingly elaborate gold canopy, covered with every quirk and twiddle that mid-Victorian mediævalism could devise. Their steps, on which the eldest sons of peers are allowed to perch, are covered with a red carpet, the benches for the peers are in scarlet leather, and the Woolsack, a sort of broad divan on which the Lord Chancellor sits, is equally upholstered in red. The Woolsack is, of course, symbolic: it was stuffed with the product of England's staple trade. It is lucky, as someone remarked, that English institutions do not always keep up to date; a seat stuffed with coals would be less comfortable.

The atmosphere, on the other hand, is much less exuberant than that of the lower House. There are no rapier thrusts, no interruptions, no snappishness. Cries of "Shame!", "Order!", or "Sit down!" seldom, if ever, rend the sacred ether. Of course, if there is a row, which happens very, very rarely, the chill courtesy, the exquisite formality—"My noble and learned friend may perhaps remember . . .", "The most noble marquess can hardly be expected . . .", etc.—lend it tremendous weight and solemnity and a queer kind of charm. But generally there is no row, no disturbance; nothing but a lofty and impressive boredom.

It must be sheer agony speaking to a House of Lords audience. Some peers carry on whispered conversations. Others drift in and out of the House in a *dégagé* and impersonal fashion. Ministers on the Front Bench turn over and rustle their papers. And the majority sit, scattered about on the benches, absolutely immovable, with about as much expression as a lot of stuffed fish. This is the correct way of listening to a speech in the House of Lords.

LORDS SPIRITUAL *and* TEMPORAL—*a House of Lords sketch, with the* DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE *in the foreground.*

Perhaps in consequence of this, or possibly for some more subtle reason connected with immemorial tradition, the speeches in the House of Lords are in manner very much made to pattern. They often read as excellent, weighty and knowledgeable—indeed, here you have one of the finest and most varied collection of technical experts in the country—but they are apt to sound like this: "The—ah—speedy—ha, h'm, er, er—decision of—er, h'm—vital—ah—matters is—h'm, h'm, h'm—absolutely—hah—necessary, or I may even say—h'm—vital, at—er—ah—this—ah—particular crisis." This is the correct way of making a speech in the House of Lords.

The MARQUESS OF CREWE, *Liberal Peer, opposes.*

One is told that those who come up from the Commons sometimes feel sorrow. But the place gets them. In the end it gets everybody and casts its mantle around them. On the Front Bench you may find a peer who was born the son of a duke and a peer who started in life as an errand-boy. Looking down on them from the gallery, it is absolutely impossible to tell which is which. The strongest condemnation that I ever heard of Hitler's behaviour came from a Labour peer who had not been born in the purple. It was on the occasion of the march into Prague. "It was not," said his lordship, "the act of a gentleman." The House approved. England approved, too. Perhaps we knew then for the first time that inevitably we should have to fight a war.

VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD *in a characteristic attitude.*

AN ARTIST VIEWS THE UPPER CHAMBER IN WARTIME.

This fine impression of the HOUSE OF LORDS, *viewed from the Bar, is the result of a visit which Feliks Topolski, the Polish artist, paid to the Upper Chamber one afternoon, when the Lords Spiritual and Temporal were in session. The splendid ceremonial and traditional dignity of the House of Lords is described by the Hon. Betty Askwith and the Hon. Theodora Benson in the article on our facing page. The House of Lords, second branch of the Legislature, is distinguished by peculiar dignities, privileges and jurisdiction. Peers individually enjoy the rank and precedence of their several dignities and are hereditary councillors of the Crown. Collectively with the Lords Spiritual they form a permanent council of the Crown; and when assembled in Parliament they form the highest court of judicature in the realm, and were till the Parliament Act of 1911 a co-equal branch of the Legislature.*

DRAWING BY TOPOLSKI

A shell is screaming overhead while GENERAL ALEXANDER, G.O.C. Southern Command, points out its flight to the KING and QUEEN at a forward observation post. Her Majesty has stopped her ears to minimise the big bang.

LADY DIANA COOPER, *wife of Mr. Duff Coope Minister of Information, attended the speci showing of " The Ramparts We Watch," fir full-length film in the " March of Time " serie*

Right : MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, *Britain's new High Commissioner in Canada, recently reached the Dominion. This photograph shows him with his sister,* MISS SHEILA MACDONALD, *at their Hampstead home, before leaving London.*

MRS. GEORGE RENDEL, *wife of Mr. George Rendel, former British Minister to Bulgaria, is in charge of the Catholic Women's League Canteen at Westminster Cathedral. Her husband had a narrow escape from assassination in Istanbul.*

MR. JOHN EDMUND BANBURY, *only son of the late Mr. Edmund Banbu and of Lady Beatrice Banbury, married* MISS LEILA ELIZABETH RUSSE *at the Parish Church, Chalfont St. Giles.*

THE KING WITH HIS TROOPS ; WEDDINGS ; ENGAGEMENT

The marriage of CAPTAIN ANDREW THORNE, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-General and the Hon. Mrs. Thorne, to MISS JOSCELYNE VERNEY, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ralph and Lady Verney, took place at the Guards' Chapel.

VISCOUNTESS CRANBORNE chatted to Canadian nursing sisters when she visited the King George and Queen Elizabeth Club for Services women. The sisters are (l. to r.) the MISSES L. M. PARR, E. B. PENSE, B. BROWN and E. HONEY.

Left: The marriage of MISS H. B. FAUDEL-PHILLIPS, younger daughter of the late Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips, Bt., to Captain F. J. R. P. Needham, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Major the Hon. Francis Needham, is fixed for April 28.

Right: MISS JUSTINE ("JUDY") BUNBURY, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Bunbury, is engaged to Lieut. John Mair.

The marriage of MISS E. A. ALDRICH, daughter of Alderman H. Aldrich, to LIEUT.-COM. J. H. WALLACE, R.N., son of Sir Lawrence Wallace, took place at Hove.

MISS MARY MORRISON, only daughter of MR. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, and MRS. MORRISON (left), married MR. HORACE WILLIAMS, son of Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., at Hendon Register Office.

AND NOTABLE PEOPLE: A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF WARTIME LIFE.

THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE PADDLE-BOAT "LORNA DOONE"—*for routing three Dorniers with their little gun.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

LIEUT.-GENERAL W. PLATT—*for opening the road to the last Red Sea port by his "Quick march!" into Asmara.*

THE "LORNA DOONE," peacetime pleasure-boat, 1891-1941, now H.M. "Paddle Minesweeper," was bombed and machine-gunned by three Dornier "215's" recently. She immediately attacked them with all her guns; one 'plane caught fire and, losing height rapidly, was considered to be destroyed. A second was badly hit; the third machine made off in the haze. In the top left photograph (l. to r.) are: Navigation Officer Lieut. H. Cooper, R.N.V.R., Surgeon-Lieut. P. S. Hawkins, Commanding Officer Lieut. T. W. Sherrin (with beard); Signaller E. L. Jackson, on the Hotchkiss gun.

ASMARA, Eritrean capital, surrendered to LIEUT.-GEN. W. PLATT and his forces after a five-day thrust. As we write, the capture of the Eritrean port of Massawa should not be long delayed, which would open the Red Sea to our shipping.

ADMIRAL SIR ANDREW B. CUNNINGHAM, G.C.B., D.S.O., Commander-in-Chief the Mediterranean Fleet, and his brother, LIEUT.-GEN. A. G. CUNNINGHAM, G.C.B., G.O.C. East Africa, have both made history magnificently during the last few weeks—Admiral Cunningham by his great victory at Cape Matapan, when seven Italian warships were sunk; and he was also responsible for the Navy's co-operation with the troops advancing into Libya. General Cunningham led his troops into Addis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia, after an advance of 700 miles from the south at an average rate of 25 miles a day through bad country, against strong forces and over blocked and demolished roads.

THE BROTHERS CUNNINGHAM—*for administering their own family remedy to the claimants of "Mare nostrum."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

FIGHTER PILOT PREPARES FOR BATTLE.

In our issue dated April 2 we published a splendid series of photographs of bomber pilots before and after making a raid over enemy territory. The equally fine pictures in this issue form a pendant, as they illustrate the programme of a fighter pilot's day, and show how these magnificent young men prepare to go up and engage the enemy. Here a pilot is adjusting the all-important parachute harness.

In flying kit, and awaiting instructions: a group of fighter pilots "at readiness."

PROGRAMME OF A FIGHTER PILOT'S DAY: BEFORE AND AFTER THE COMBAT.

PHOTOG

Talking it over after a fight: young pilots exchange experiences.

The young men pictured in these excellent photographs are types of the fighter pilots who engage the enemy in tremendous aerial duels such as those described in the "Battle of Britain" pamphlet, which everyone has read with a quickening of the pulse, and a glow of admiration and thankfulness for the R.A.F.

L. BEATON

The whole art of collecting a parcel with a load of containers.

Variety in face-fittings: the moustaches which the British prisoners " grow at each other."

Quick! quick! with the steaming dish!: a study of the cook in action.

Dilemma of the last to bed: a variety of instructions.

Amusement of a very strenuous kind: the Christmas Eve rag.

LIGHTER SIDE OF *OFLAG* LIFE BY A BRITISH PRISONER OF WAR.

MANY anxious friends and relatives try and imagine what life must be like in a German prison camp. These drawings by Lieut. J. F. Watton, of the 4th Battalion, The Border Regiment, show the lighter side of existence in an *Oflag* (*Offizier Gefangene Läger*, or Officer Prisoners' Camp). They are published by permission of his father, Mr. S. L. Watton, M.A., D.Sc., Headmaster of Lyme Regis Grammar School. Other more serious representational drawings of Oflag VII., by the same artist, appeared in the April 5 issue of "The Illustrated London News."

MIXED BAG OF PHOTOGRAPHIC SUBJECTS.

When FLIGHT SERGEANT HARRY KING, R.A.F., *went to the Investiture to receive his B.E.M., his little son,* HARRY, *came too, in leading strings.*

MR. VINCENT MASSEY *presented the Massey Trophy to the captain of the winning team in the Canadian Divisional "Soccer" final.*

MR. ERIC FILBY *partnered* MISS JEAN NICOLL *in the International Table Tennis Tournament in aid of war charities.*

SEC. LIEUT. J. C. A. ROPER *played for the Old Boys at Harrow on Founder's Day.*

A group at Harrow on Founder's Day, with (l. to r.) JOHN BOYD, MRS. BOYD, FLIGHT LIEUT. BOYD, MISS BOUSTEAD, *M.T.C.,* FLIGHT LIEUT. SOEBLES, *and* MISS M. KENT WILLIAMS.

When the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, *set out for the House on Budget Day,* LADY WOOD *made sure that the fastenings of the box containing his secrets were secure.*

This group of LADIES OF THE B.B.C. *consists of (l. to r.; seated)* MISS ELIZABETH COWELL *and* MISS JOAN CLARKE; *and (standing)* MISS MARJORIE ANDERSON, MISS MURIEL HOWLETT *and* MISS ENID MAXWELL.

"COMRADE X" CLARK AND COMMUNIST HEDY.

CLARK GABLE and HEDY LAMARR *have splendid parts in* "COMRADE X," *the Russian spy picture due at the Empire last week. Here they are in a love-scene sequence of this exciting film, full of secret police intrigue, murder, blackmail, and escape from the death cell, combined with a good spice of romance.*

CLARK GABLE AND HEDY LAMARR IN "COMRADE X."

Vasiliev, Secret Police Chief (OSCAR HOMOLKA), *McKinley B. Thompson ("Mac")* (CLARK GABLE), *and Emil von Hofer* (SIG RUMANN) *in a tense scene. Mac is playing a dangerous game.*

Mac (CLARK GABLE) *has been forced into trying to induce Theodore* (HEDY LAMARR), *a convinced Communist, who is, however, in danger, to come to the U.S.A.*

CLARK GABLE *as McKinley B. Thompson, known as "Mac," the American reporter who successfully fools and baffles the secret police.*

"COMRADE X," new M.-G.-M. picture, due at the Empire on Friday, April 11, is a thrilling Russian spy story, which turns on the identity of the mysterious "Comrade X," who smuggles sensational stories out of Russia. "Mac," the American reporter, is a puzzle to his friends; some think him a drunken sot who has ceased to count; others imagine him to be a misguided humorist, fond of practical jokes. Only Vanya, the hall porter, knows that he is the mysterious "Comrade X," and uses this knowledge to force Mac to get Vanya's daughter, Theodore, out of Russia, for, though she is a good Communist, she is in danger. Romance, thrills, narrow escapes from death, misunderstandings and a rough-and-tumble are all included in the exciting moments of this adventure picture.

Theodore discovers that Mac is no true Communist, and threatens to denounce him. He has to take very strong measures to prevent this disaster for them both.

Theodore is charmed if puzzled by Mac, the American reporter who plays a lone hand and is certainly not what he seems to be.

Vanya (FELIX BRESSART) *discovers that Mac carries a camera concealed in his portable radio, and guesses that he is "Comrade X."*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE weakness of much anti-totalitarian propaganda is that it represents the movement as based on a creed which no one in his senses could subscribe to, or as a form of madness which no one is likely to catch. We are shown the horrors it brings with it, the injustice, cruelty, perfidy, bloodshed, the lowering or liquidation of moral standards; but we are not told how it is that people become susceptible to the disease or why it is so infectious. The propagandists make us loathe and want to fight it, but their method has as little therapeutic value as would have (say) a medical treatise on hydrophobia, in which the writer enlarged upon the dreadfulness of the symptoms without referring to the Pasteur Institute or the desirability of avoiding mad dogs.

The propaganda in Mr. Rex Warner's novel, "The Aerodrome," is so subtly and skilfully administered that we do not at first suspect its presence. His scene is an English country village with an aerodrome near by. The village, as we see it from the Rectory, the Manor House and the "local," is, allowing for the tinge of fantasy which always colours Mr. Warner's imagination, an ordinary village, though more drunken than most. Without necessarily looking for him in the Services one could even find a counterpart for the handsome Flight Lieutenant who attends the narrator's twenty-first birthday-party and wrecks it by his unmannerly levity. It was an unusual party because, towards the end, the Rector made the astonishing disclosure that the hero of the evening was not his son, as was commonly believed, but an adopted child. He had brought Roy up as his son, he said, meeting the Flight Lieutenant's impertinent challenge, from motives of "love, justice and pity." Intimating that he had no use for such qualities, the young officer left the table.

LADY LONGMORE *is the wife of our brilliant Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Middle East, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Murray Longmore, G.C.B., D.S.O., who was awarded his G.C.B. last month for "inspiring the R.A.F. to win mastery of the air over the Italians." They have three sons and one daughter; the marriage of Flight Lieut. William James Maitland Longmore, R.A.F., their second son, to Miss Jean Mary Forres, only daughter of Lord and Lady Forres, is due to take place quite soon. Lady Longmore's home is in Grantham, Lincolnshire.*

A Symbol. Thus rudely flouted, love, justice and pity do not readily return to the story, and are not found at all in the Aerodrome. For it is not, as the author is careful to explain, and as the reader soon realises, an ordinary aerodrome: it is a symbol, and has no connection at all with the R.A.F. But like the cancer-cell which it resembles, and which also might symbolise the presence of evil in the human organism, it has a concrete form; and Mr. Warner, whose imagination is as concrete as Mr. David Garnett's, takes pains to make the actuality of the Aerodrome convincing. The Air Vice-Marshal is its prophet; it is he who, in an unforgettable chapter, tells the recruits the principles they are to hold, and the kind of discipline, especially in the matter of love, which will make these principles effective. Those principles, with their abhorrence of waste, muddle and untidiness, their insistence on obedience, unity of effort, and ruthless application of means to ends, have in the last few years found favour with the youth, though seldom with the middle-aged, of many nations; and they impressed the narrator who saw in his own private life, and in the lives of those around him in the village, the disastrous effects of undisciplined emotion and unco-ordinated effort. But when he joins the Air Force, which has now bought up the village and extended to its inhabitants the benefits of highly paid slave-labour, he is joining a real institution, the workings of which satisfy not only the romantic but the practical imagination of the reader. With the eloquence, austere and noble, of the Air Vice-Marshal in his ears, and the deplorable example of the village before his eyes, he may easily begin to wonder whether the Aerodrome does not provide the better alternative.

Disillusion. Sensational events herald the narrator's disillusion, sensational and rather crude. The Air Vice-Marshal's utterances seem less noble when translated into terms of murder, and the narrator knows that he too is risking his life if he resigns from the Air Force. Moreover, the Air Vice-Marshal has shown him exceptional favour. . . . There is only one obvious solution and Mr. Warner, who has never before succumbed to the obvious, adopts it.

A great deal happens in "The Aerodrome" that does not bear so directly on the allegory. There are, for instance, the narrator's two love-affairs; there is the mystery of his birth, which leaves him uninterested, but intrigues the reader; there are some natural as well as violent deaths; there is the Flight Lieutenant's strange change of heart, dramatic and telling, if psychologically hard to justify. The whole story, indeed, is extremely exciting, not only in virtue of what happens, but because of the air of suspense which hangs over it—a dream-quality reminiscent of the novels of Hans Kafka. I thought I detected, too, the influence of Samuel Butler in this curious and fascinating story. The sense it gives of belonging to no special epoch is as vivid here as it is in "Erewhon," and this impression is enhanced by Mr. Warner's prose style, which, without actually being archaic, is round, leisurely and considered in a way that most contemporary prose is not. A very remarkable novel, and one that no connoisseur of fiction should miss.

Belles-Lettres. *Belles-Lettres* of the old-fashioned sort, critical essays on men and books, with a thread of biography running through them, are as rare now as they are welcome. In the Nineteenth Century the study of literature was an end in itself; to-day it is more often an excuse for the author to air some social or psychological theory, to raise up a new idol or cast an old one down.

Dame Una Pope-Hennessy belongs to the older school of essayists who can look at the figures of the past without *parti-pris* or the itching wish to reverse some well-established literary judgment. "Durham Company" is the rather clumsy title of an enchanting book. Circumstances which she could not control—that is, the call of the drum, took the author to the county of Durham for a period of four years, and she at once set about investigating its literary associations. At Seaham was the house of Sir Ralph Milbanke, whose daughter Annabella (she had other names) enjoyed, if that be the word, a year of married life with Lord Byron. To the Home Farm at Sockburn came William and Dorothy Wordsworth, straight from an unenjoyable stay in

[Continued overleaf.

MR. T. C. DUGDALE, A.R.A., R.P., *discusses with* SECTION OFFICER T. H. HANBURY, W.A.A.F., *his portrait of herself, which looks admirable. He is one of the painters who are working on portraits of R.A.F. personnel, having been selected for this important purpose by the Artists' Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Information, presided over by the Director of the National Gallery, Sir Kenneth Clark. Several of Mr. Dugdale's portraits are hanging in the War Artists' exhibition now, such as those of Air Vice-Marshal Baldwin, Squadron Leader Kayll, and a member of the Home Guard; others are with the two official provincial exhibitions touring Great Britain.*

CAN YOU RECOGNISE HER?

This is the new DEANNA DURBIN, *in case you don't at first realise the identity of the chic, glamorous young woman at the piano. Our still shows her in her latest Universal picture,* "NICE GIRL," *produced by Joe Pasternick, which will soon be seen over here. Deanna plays the part of Jane Dana, a typical small-town nice girl, who realises that though it may be discreet and safe to be nice, it's not so very interesting. She kicks over the traces, has an escapade with a young New Yorker, and replaces small-town good form with sophisticated glamour.*

Continued.]

Germany; and there they were joined by Coleridge, fresh from a more agreeable German visit. Wordsworth fell in love with Mary Hutchinson, "the pillar of the household"; Coleridge with her sister Sara.

> At Sockburn [Dame Una concludes] Wordsworth found the key to plenitude and peace, and Coleridge a love that was to form the undersong of his life.

At Mainsforth lived Robert Surtees, an antiquary of whimsical and puckish temperament, whose ingeniously forged ballads seem to have taken in Sir Walter Scott. Dame Una's account of the correspondence between the two men is exquisitely funny. At Hamsterley lived a better-known Surtees, author of "Handley Cross," creator of Jorrocks and rival, in a humble way, of Charles Dickens. Dame Una makes a penetrating comparison between the two writers, not altogether to Dickens's advantage.

Byron's Wife. All the essays are interesting, shrewd, lively, scholarly; and if one is sometimes sent to the dictionary by a tough word like "patulous" or "veridical," no cross-word addict will complain of that. Dame Una puts "the Byrons" first on her list, and though the other essays are equally good, and cover ground that is less familiar, the strength of the Byron legend may make this the favourite with many of her readers. I do not feel, though I lack the knowledge to assert, that she is quite fair to Lady Byron. Poor Annabella! Her aspiration, such an innocent one, to be a *femme savante* seems to have turned not only her husband, but posterity against her; even Dame Una, who is what she would like to have been, writes of her with almost unrelenting irony, and selects for quotation her less fortunate and more priggish remarks. It is true that she took herself seriously; but she also took Byron seriously, he was to be her mission in life, and though she did not, evidently, make her reasonableness sweet enough, she did all that a woman of orderly temperament could do to adjust herself to his bewildering and cruel alternations of mood. Her fault was, in a word, that she was a Wife; and any wife would have been anathema to Byron. Dame Una does not quite allow for this, I think, though her brilliant account of the wedding and "treaclemoon" makes it all too clear.

Byron's Reputation Abroad. Writing in a more sympathetic spirit of Lady Byron's conjugal problems, Dame Una says—

> Here she was shut up alone with a person who, judged by her father's standards, was more like a foreign nobleman than an English gentleman, a man who pursued no sport, who never ate breakfast and never played cards, and above all was subject to the most unaccountable changes in mood.

Lady Gerald Wellesley, in her introduction to the delightfully illustrated anthology of Byron in the new "Britain in Pictures" series, observes—

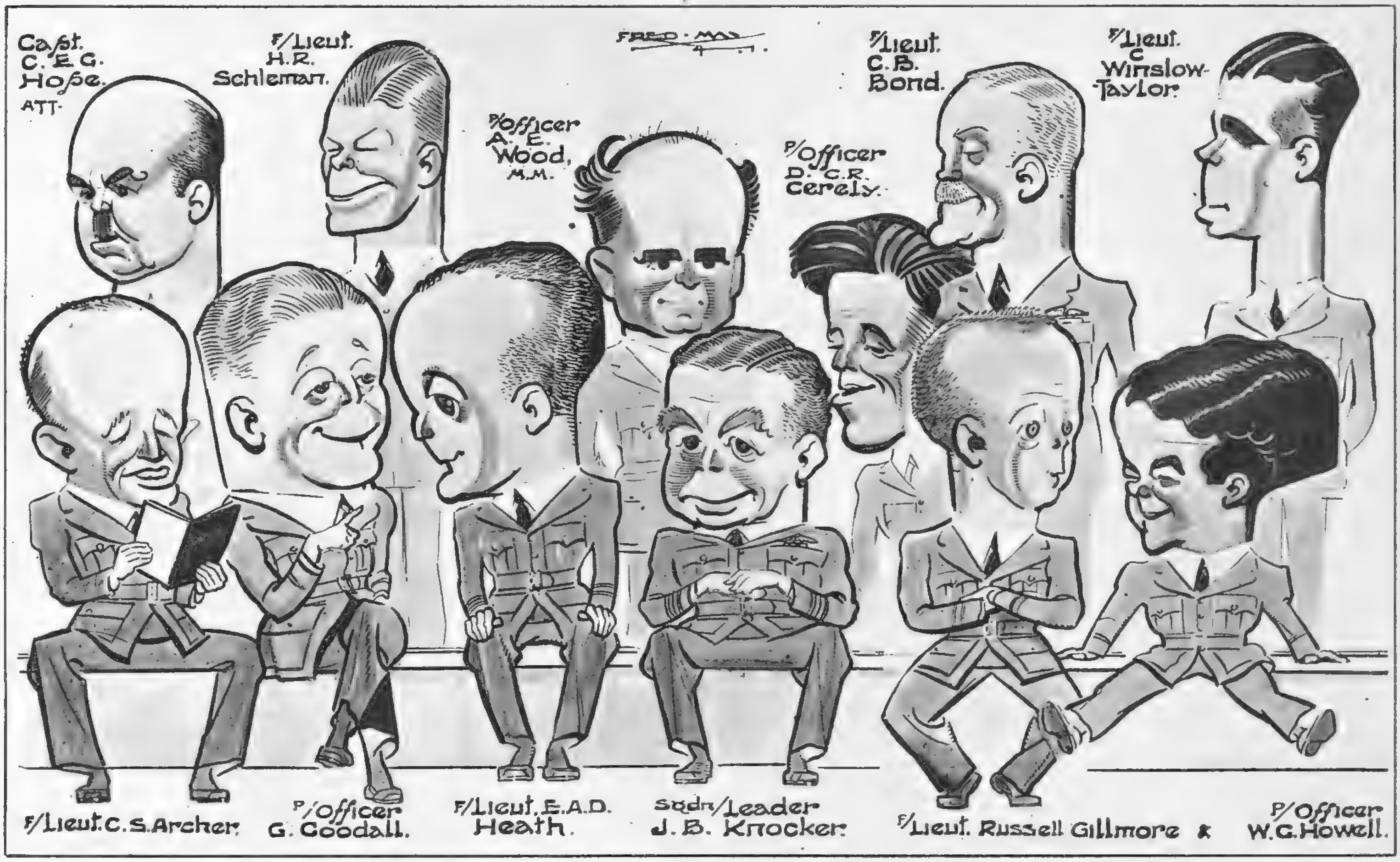
> The reason for his extraordinary popularity as a poet on the Continent of Europe remains something of a mystery to the English reader.

Perhaps the explanation suggested by Dame Una is the right one: in cast of mind, and instability of mood, Byron was more like a foreigner—or some foreigners—than an Englishman. Certainly he liked and got on with foreigners, especially Italians, as the stanzas from "Childe Harold" quoted in this anthology—"Oh, Rome! My country! City of the soul!" etc., testify. His famous exhortation to the Isles of Greece is very "governessy" in tone—

> For what is left the poet here?
> For Greeks a blush—for Greece, a tear

but it breathes the same passion for this adopted country that afterwards made him give his life for it. "In the swamps of Missolonghi," Lady Gerald finely remarks, "he regained all that he had sold to Mephistopheles." Liking and understanding foreigners, he and his verse were understood and liked by them. There is another possible reason why they admire his poetry. It wears its meaning on its sleeve. In all countries students of foreign literature may be excused if their favourite author is the one they find easiest to understand. If we compare the first stanza of "One word is too often profan'd" with, say, "She walks in beauty like the night," we see why Shelley is less likely to be popular abroad than Byron.

British Sport. It is surely an exaggeration when Dame Una says that Byron "pursued no sport." He frequented the boxing world and was very proud of his swimming. Mr. Eric Parker's "British Sport" (in the "Britain in Pictures" series) is a comprehensive survey of the subject, with good photographs and some charming reproductions of pictures by Stubbs and others. The sour expression on the face of the eighteenth-century golfer should be a warning.



The recent twenty-three-years-old birthday of the ROYAL AIR FORCE *inspired our artist to visit a Home Counties station, and feature a few well-known figures who are putting in some good team work.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Aerodrome. By Rex Warner. (*The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.*)
Durham Company. By Dame Una Pope-Hennessy. (*Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.*)
Byron. Edited by Dorothy Wellesley. Penns-in-the-Rocks Press. (*Collins; 2s. 6d.*)
British Sport. By Eric Parker. Penns-in-the-Rocks Press. (*Collins; 3s. 6d.*)

The ninth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT is published in this issue of "THE SKETCH."

FLYING-FOOT FRED AS BAND-LEADER DANNY.

FRED ASTAIRE, *of the nimble, flying feet, plays Danny O'Neil, leader of the college band, in* "SECOND CHORUS," *in which he stars with Paulette Goddard, and Artie Shaw and his band. The film was due at the Plaza on April 11, and is the gayest, freshest and most exhilarating entertainment imaginable. On our front page Fred is seen with Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith, who makes his comedy début in this picture, but here he has the field to himself in a vivid dancing sequence.*

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT.

"I'M afraid I didn't telephone for a table," said The Broker. "But surely you 're not full up at lunchtime?"

"Very sorry, Sir. I am afraid we are. You don't mind waiting, perhaps, twenty minutes?"

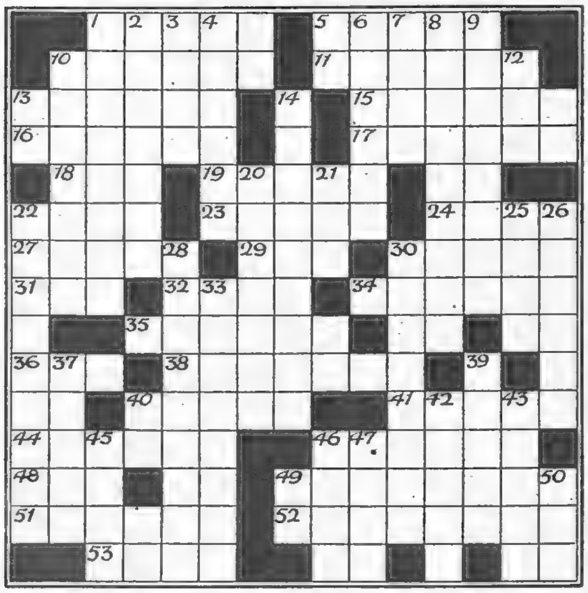
"Too long," pronounced The Jobber. "Let 's try our luck somewhere else. . . ."

"Not at the moment, Sir. Every table is taken. In half an hour's time."

"I 've got to get back before teatime," said The City Editor ironically. "How about——"

"In ten minutes we shall be able to give you that table, Sir. Shall I call you? You may care to have a cocktail first?"

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Neutral vegetable (5).
5. Twisted like a London suburb (5)
10. Conductor of broadcasts (6).
11. Pass away, Edward, on short commons (6).
13. Wild enthusiasm (6).
15. Second cooking (5).
16. This neck gives better view (6).
17. Provincial Greek (6).
18. Rare comestible now (3).
19. False-hearted foreigner (5).
22. Arboreal growth (4).
23. Suffers defeat and deprivation (5).
24. Nowhere near (4).
27. Hidden in the hotel I described (5).
29. Weight you can't throw about (3).
30. Fishy stroke (5).
31. Constellation (3).
32. Evangelist (4).
34. Paid about fifty-fifty (6).
35. Painter on jetty makes sword (6)
36. Garden couch (3).
38. Old-time vehicle (7).
40. Effects of bombing (5).
41. Greek slave (5).
44. Countless (6).
46. "That sweet city with her dreaming ———" (6).
48. Street in Paris (3).
49. "Car noise" (anag.; 8).
51. Ties disarranged in South Africa (6).
52. Member of the band (8).
53. Demeanour (4).

DOWN.

1. "Ogle a Sir" (anag.; 8).
2. This wife's grievances need redressing (7).
3. Quite Irish, you know (4).
4. Ingenious and variegated (6).
6. Signals of No. 39 Down (6).
7. Building that should be well preserved (4).
8. As a moral comrade would act (9).
9. "I rue flaw" (anag.; 8).
10. Pictorial halo (7).
12. Decoration (3).
14. What many Italian soldiers are (9).
20. Succeeded by Lord Halifax (7).
21. Poetic adverb (3).
22. Strikes—an appeal to support Labour? (9).
25. Related (4).
26. Edit (6).
28. Exclaim (9).
30. Remote matter of coinage (8).
33. Type of reptile (8).
37. Boredom (5).
39. On the ——— at sound of No. 6 Down (5).
42. Obliterate (5).
43. I rose into a willow (5).
45. Prolific reverse of proper (4).
46. Vestige of wound (4).
47. Shut up (4).
50. One of the Regalia (3).

(*N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.*)

"Funny thing, isn't it?" The Broker commented. "It 's much the same everywhere and every day at lunchtime in the West End. I ought to have booked a table in advance."

"Shall we get anything to eat?" asked The Engineer anxiously. "This weather makes me feel I could do with a decent steak, braised onions and fried potatoes, with a little cheese to follow. I 'm a plain-living man."

"We can serve you with excellent fried potatoes," said the head waiter. "The other things—well——"

"The word that occurs here most often," remarked The Jobber, looking over the lengthy menu, "is 'or.' You haven't a menu with 'and' on it, I suppose? No? Then I will have smoked salmon and chicken. Something from the sweets, later on."

"Mine," chose The Broker, "is *hors d'œuvre, sole bonne femme* and possibly fruit salad. Many a man could make a meal out of that," he added.

The restaurant was packed. Their's was the only table vacant. "And at night," the head waiter said, leading the way, "we have queues waiting for tables. We could do twice the business, too, if we had the staff."

"This doesn't look as if the Budget took away people's appetites——"

"We shouldn't be here today," The City Editor half-apologised, "if it hadn't been for the little profit our Swindlecate made out of Home Railway stocks. A toast!" said he.

"Toast Melba, Sir?" enquired the solicitous waiter. "In one——"

"We drink," The City Editor went on, "to our worthy tapster-*cum*-tipster. And may he give us many more bits of good advice, with equally satisfactory results!"

"Hear, hear!" The Jobber responded. "This Home Railway spec. goes part of the way towards making up for some of the duds——"

"Now, now!" The City Editor interrupted pacifically. "You never see a financial journalist refer to his failures, however much he boasts of his successes. This chicken stuff is good: I took a chance and ordered it because it was all Greek to me."

"No wonder it is good, then. What are we to do with our profit, Brokie, if there 's any money left after lunch? Savings Certificates, eh?"

"My National $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. don't seem to participate in the gilt-edged strength," said The Engineer. "I see the price keeps about 100."

"The Government could popularise the stock in a night if they made it eligible for payment of death duties. That would give it a new stimulus," declared The City Editor. "I wonder it isn't done—— Well—I 'm—blessed! Look at this, my friends." He speared, and held up on his fork, a small, round sphere.

The other men gasped.

"It can't be!" exclaimed The Broker. "Oh, don't eat it! Let me take it home to show the grandchildren as a curio. Or send it to Kew. An onion!"

The Engineer deftly grabbed and swallowed it. He nodded his head. "You are right," he confirmed. "I remember tasting one when I was a kid."

"About the time that Income Tax was twopence in the pound. I was born in that year. It went up directly afterwards."

"So you 're the cause of all this trouble, are you? If you had only kept away, we might still be paying twopence. I wonder you 're not ashamed to mention it. This high tax——"

"Everything is high, excepting most of my investments. How do you account for shares like Harrods standing at prices that look very dear compared with the yield they give?"

"I often wonder at that myself," The Jobber acknowledged. "There must be some reason. What is it?"

"It 's because people like to feel they have an interest in companies with a good reputation and a name that everybody knows."

"But the yield is so small."

"That doesn't matter. Investors know the profits will revive after the war, and, so long as a company keeps its name constantly before the public, it will retain the confidence of our clients."

"And the goodwill of its customers. The two things go hand in hand."

"You can buy shares," added The Broker, "in dozens of good companies that pay a better return, but you won't stop money from going into the shares of top-shelf industrial companies that people know from familiarity with the names."

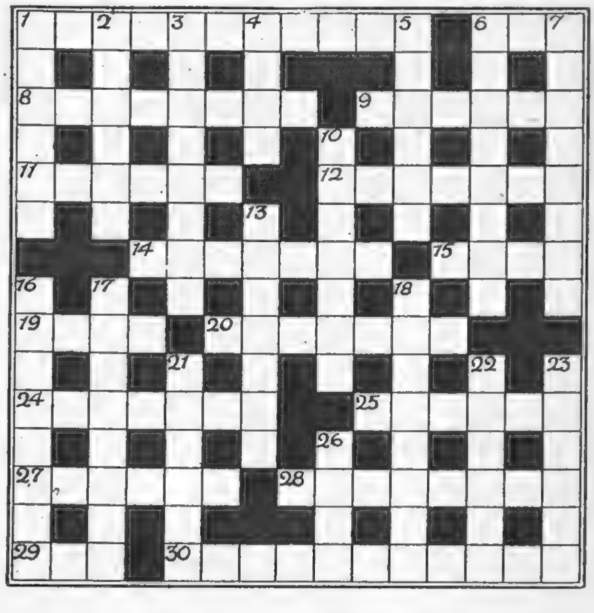
"You 're probably right," assented The Engineer. "I know from my own little experience that kissing goes by favour of what you City chaps describe as publicity. Old-fashioned folks like myself might call it advertisement. Of course, we hate the word, and if—— Don't look round for a moment, but—see that daft-looking devil sitting by himself?"

"I 've noticed him in the House," The Broker answered. "Friend of yours?"

"Friend of mine! Good heavens! I believe he writes for *The Sketch*. Honestly I do!"

Thursday, April 10, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. The lowland way of saying farewell? (11).
6. A dark red resin of great value in India (3).
8. Biggin, perhaps—or possibly big gin (8).
9. He 's in a scrape (6).
11. South African metals (6).
12. A bit of cloth in a card game makes a confused mass (7).
14. Sounds like discolorations in Middlesex (7).
15. Where Hertfordshire has the goods (4).
19. This is manufactured the wrong way (4).
20. Fibrous tissues of a number of Spaniards (7).
24. No. 9 Across is an example of one (7).
25. Brightly coloured automobile on the East Coast (6).
27. They have property in Scotland (6).
28. This yields me cigars (8).
29. "But trust that those we call the dead Are breathers of an ampler ——— For ever nobler ends" (Tennyson; 3).
30. Avian antithesis of a calm No. 29 Across (11).

DOWN.

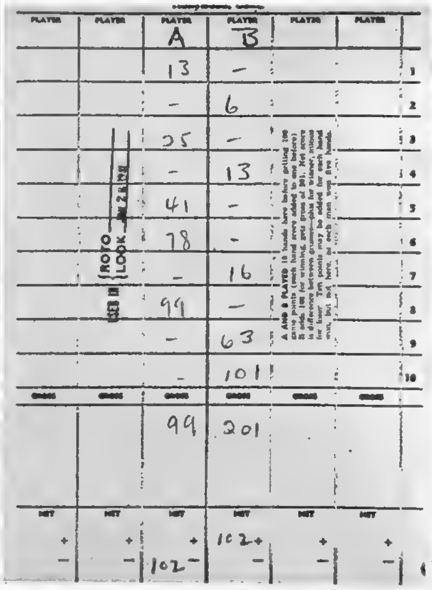
1. To disappear like a large covered wagon? (6).
2. Papal ambassador (6).
3. Explode the college in time (8).
4. Shellfish, dampness or noise (4).
5. Mostly imitation table linen (6).
6. Too bad being twenty-four hours short! (8).
7. An order of birds which may give pain to a hound (8).
10. Displeases (7).
13. A difficulty with horns (7).
16. Docked? (8).
17. The power needed to provide an urban community with headgear (8).
18. A Crimean battle (8).
21. It seems an uninteresting sort of lair for a poet (6).
22. Two short accounts are the beginning of this plant (6).
23. A bony fish that has swallowed a donkey (6).
26. A grain of determination? (4).

JOAN BLONDELL *and* DICK POWELL *teach you how to play Gin Rummy. Each has ten cards; Dick is not quite sure whether to use the showing card in a run or pick up the card on top of the pack.*

GIN RUMMY is Hollywood's version of the old-fashioned game of Rummy which has got its grip on stars and executives. All you want is a pack of cards—and some money is useful! Or play for love. — Each player gets ten cards. One card goes face up on table; the rest of the pack is face down. Non-dealer may pick up showing card or take a chance on top pack card. He then discards one, face up, and his opponent may choose that, or an upside-down card from the pack. The object is to get rid of cards by discarding in runs—the minimum sequence of three in one suit or three of a kind. Cards left in the hand count against the player; aces count 1; picture cards 10; others by pips. . . . Player "goes down" when he has enough runs to leave fewer than 10 points in left-overs. Opponent then lays cards down, playing his left-overs on runs already on the table. . . . Difference between points on final left-overs makes the score. Going down with no left-overs, 10 extra points.

Gin Rummy is a good way of killing time during long waits on the movie sets. LILYAN PORTER *and* DOROTHY DEARING *wear harem costumes for "Tin Pan Alley" on the 20th Century-Fox lot.*

JOAN BLONDELL *is ready to draw a showing card, but* DICK POWELL *raps on the table to indicate that he is "going down." He has two runs in spades and three queens. As he has a four of hearts left over, he "goes down with four."*



PLAYER	PLAYER	PLAYER A	PLAYER B	PLAYER	PLAYER	
		13	–			1
		–	6			2
		25	–			3
		–	13			4
		41	–			5
		78	–			6
		–	16			7
		99	–			8
		–	63			9
			101			10
GROSS	GROSS	99	201	GROSS	GROSS	
NET + –	NET + –	NET + – 102	NET 102 + –	NET + –	NET + –	

SCORING CARD.—*A and B played ten hands before getting 100 game points (each hand score added to one before). B adds 100 for winning, and gets gross of 201. Net score is difference between grosses—plus for winner, minus for loser.*

JOAN *puts down three aces, a run in hearts. She then plays her king of spades on* DICK'S *spade run. Dick wins three points, the difference between her seven (two and three of spades, two of diamonds) and his four.*

GINGER ROGERS *and* SAM WOOD, *her director, have got the craze. Ginger disputes a point with him as they play on the R.K.O. lot.*

Between shots of 20th Century-Fox's "Hudson's Bay," VIRGINIA FIELD *and* NIGEL BRUCE *play a game of gin rummy.*

At Warner Bros., on the "Strawberry Blonde" set, JAMES CAGNEY *and* OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND *play on a makeshift table.* RITA HAYWORTH *is in the centre.*

LEARN GIN RUMMY FROM THE STARS.

A SENSE OF VALUE.*

By BEATRICE KANE.

LYTTON WARD sat at his desk with hands clasped on a spotless blotting-pad and eyes narrowed in concentration. Experience had taught him that two or three quiet minutes at the beginning of the day could save many half-hours of wasted effort later, and after all, time was money; particularly his time, which was well paid for by a Government that had employed him for nearly twenty years.

His mind shifted for a rare moment of reflection to the seasons that lay behind him. For all those years he had been in the department of which he was now head, dealing with the important subject of Supplementary Costs. In his mind the words were spelt in capital letters and had a sacred ring about them. No one, from office-boy to visiting Cabinet Minister, could escape their inviolable ruling. A suggestion for using one variety of nib instead of another, pink blotting-paper instead of white, brown dispatch-cases in place of black, would set price-lists rustling and typewriters tapping in his outer office, until the ultimate cost to the Service, and hence to the Government, stood out in inescapable black and white. His calculations stretched to hundredths of a penny and almost into infinity. His memoranda to other departments were monuments of ponderous caution. They ended with some such warning phrase as "It is impossible to foretell at this stage," or "At a later stage it may be found," "A stage may be reached when," "At a certain stage of developments," or simply, "At any stage it might be . . ."

In fact, Lytton himself had reached a stage when there was little he did not know about the cost of any object in everyday use. Specious value could not deceive him for a moment, any more than sheer æsthetic appeal could weigh against solid durability. It was strange that, with such a keen sense of value, he should now be contemplating the rash step of matrimony. He hardly knew himself how it had come about, and yet, once the painful business of proposing was over, it had seemed to have everything to recommend it.

Margery was no fly-away young thing. He had approved of the quiet good taste of her appearance when she had first applied for the post of companion to his old Aunt Eulalie.

Aunt Eulalie was what is called a "semi-invalid"—that is to say, she was old and frail and had been penniless since the death of an improvident husband ten years earlier. Lytton had accepted the family obligation as a matter of course and taken her to live in his house in Hampstead, but, as she grew steadily more helpless, the problem of finding someone to act as nurse, personal servant and companion had become more and more acute. Margery had ended a succession of unsatisfactory experiments, which had harassed his orderly mind and made unwarranted inroads on his pocket-book. Peace had reigned since her arrival two years ago. The cost of her keep made little difference to the household; her salary was lower than that of a nurse, and soon she acted as housekeeper as well. Lytton, who appreciated value, knew that she was a treasure not to be lost. He had tried to express something of this feeling when he had raised her salary and she had lifted a pair of startled blue eyes to his face.

"But I never want to leave you," she had said. "I 'm very happy here."

"There 's no reason why you ever should," he had replied, and then something in the graceful turn of her neck, the air of serene quiet that surrounded her, had stirred another idea in his mind. Not every woman was a liability. There was no reason why he should again become a prey to incompetent servants or the petty details of household management.

He had been surprised by the ease with which the whole thing had gone through. Women sometimes had extravagantly romantic ideas about marriage, and he had never flattered himself that he was an Adonis. But, true to his expectations, Margery's happiness was of the undemonstrative kind. There had been no outburst of feminine excitement, no demands for wild expenditure on useless frivolities, no endless chatter about trifles. Sometimes he would bring her back a present—an antique mirror, a writing-desk; something of worth and beauty, for there was nothing shabby about his gifts.

Some months after their engagement Aunt Eulalie had without fuss let slip her feeble hold on life, and by so doing had made it desirable to fix the date of a wedding which had always remained vaguely in the future. In a mere fortnight's time the quiet ceremony would be over and Margery would be mistress in the house where she had come to serve.

Inexplicably, it was only now that he had stumbled across an obstinate streak in her character. She had accepted his taste as her own in every direction save one. When it came to the matter of the ring, she had insisted that she wanted sapphires. In vain he had shown her designs for diamond circlets and clusters.

"But I don't like diamonds!" she had protested. "And I 've always loved sapphires."

"Diamonds are very much more valuable, you know," he had argued patiently.

"They 're a good investment too, aren't they?" she had asked.

"Of course." He had been pleased. "In these uncertain days it 's one of the safest ways of locking up money."

She had looked at him strangely.

"It will be a ring you can be proud of," he had added.

"I don't *want* to be proud of it." There was a note almost of petulance in her voice. "I want to *like* it."

He had pushed the designs aside.

"Think it over. I can always get Gurnstein to send up some more suggestions if you don't care for these."

The episode had puzzled him, and, although he had not taken it very seriously, it remained in the back of his mind, like the unsolved clue of a cross-word, as he went through the day's routine. She would doubtless have thought better of her foolish whim by the evening.

Lytton clicked his tongue with annoyance as a raid warning wailed out over the roof-tops. That meant that the staff would be going to shelter at any moment. Automatically he began mentally totting up the possible amount of wasted time in terms of money.

"I 'm going over to see Warling," he said to his clerk. "We 've got to have a chat some time and this is an opportunity." He loathed trying to work in the shelter.

He had scarcely gone fifty yards up the street when he heard the spotters blowing their whistles, and had had no time to condemn their excessive care before another sound whined through the air like a devilish comet. There was a crash as the pavement seemed to leap up to meet him, and Lytton, in his spotless suit, rolled over into the gutter.

He lay there for a moment in the belief that a nearby monument was tottering and the figure atop about to fall and crush him. When the rocking ceased he scrambled up with shaky knees. Uncertainly, he stepped away from a doubled-up lamp-post and found a new pleasure in the use of his limbs. He was alive and unhurt. It was a surprisingly stimulating discovery.

He began to retrace his steps to the office. Then he looked up. Clouds of dust still hovered in the air and the windows of its upper storeys yawned stupidly vacant. There was a crunch of glass as an ambulance passed him. He stared at the place where his room had been and suddenly a physical bond seemed to snap inside him. There would have been no time to put anything away. Papers, files, everything—gone. As for damage, one could hardly estimate . . . He laughed.

"What happened?" he asked a warden.

"A bomb fell," the man replied with elaborate sarcasm; then, recognising him, "Why, it 's Mr. Ward! Are you all right, Sir?"

"Quite. What about the staff?"

"We think they are all down in the shelter. We 're just clearing the entrance." He looked hard into Lytton's face. "I should take a cab home if I were you, Sir. You look a bit shaky."

"I 'll walk."

The man stared after him as he strolled vaguely away.

He did not turn to look at that mass of crumbling masonry that had seemed to him more solid than the British Empire. A weight seemed to have slipped from him, as if he had really left his body sitting at the familiar desk and now only his spirit remained, stepping lightly in strange paths. They were bewilderingly strange. He felt naked and comfortless as a new-born child. His knees sagged treacherously and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Then memory flooded through him with warm inspiration. What a fool he was not to have seen before where the thing that really endured lay!

[*Continued on page 96.*

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

ROSALIND RUSSELL as *Ann Winters* in "MARRIED—BUT SINGLE," *new Columbia picture due at the Regal on Easter Sunday, April 13.*

Ann believes in a platonic marriage, but her jealousy is roused when she finds Tice (MELVYN DOUGLAS) *with pretty secretary Charlotte* (BINNIE BARNES).

Tice and Charlotte get entangled in a compromising situation when on a midnight swim.

The fascinating Ann nearly wrecks her marriage by wanting to keep it on platonic lines, but a big business deal and a good shot of jealousy make her change her mind.

"MARRIED—BUT SINGLE": KISS-LESS HONEYMOON COMEDY.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

THIS SPRING—

THAT TAILORED LOOK

MANY women, who no longer have time to play games, are finding sports clothes a practical answer to the problem of what to wear for war work out of uniform. Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus, have an attractive collection of simple frocks in light-weight woollen materials, including the model above. This has a yoked action back, triangular pocket flaps, and a belt and buckle in the same fabric. The skirt is gored in front, so there is plenty of room for movement; the colours are clear and cheerful. Extra hours on your feet demand comfortable shoes, but, as this house proves, highly practical models can still be colourful.

SINCE the war began, tweed coats have been more indispensable than ever. They can be worn anywhere, they are warm yet light in weight, and they are excellent travellers. Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, have many useful models this spring, including the one on the right. In a wide, herring-bone tweed, this coat buttons up to the neckline and has two expanding "poacher" pockets. It is made in several shades, and there are, of course, other models in different patterns. Their suits include some with the new type of jacket, long and slightly bloused, in light-weight Glen Urquhart checks, equally right in town and in the country.

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER

IN the Mess, in Hotels, Restaurants and Bars—no less than in the Home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale. Brewed from British hops and barley; appetising, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1.

MIRROR, MIRROR, TELL ME TRUE

Tell me, mirror, *must* I grow old? I used to be so proud of my skin. But nowadays I've so little time! . . .
It isn't *time* you need for a beautiful skin. It's proper treatment! (says the face in the mirror). First, you want CRÈME SIMON—the *different* skin-food used in a different way while the skin is damp. It keeps the tissues young and supple. Then CRÈME SIMON M.A.T.—the different foundation cream, which prevents shine and grease forming . . .

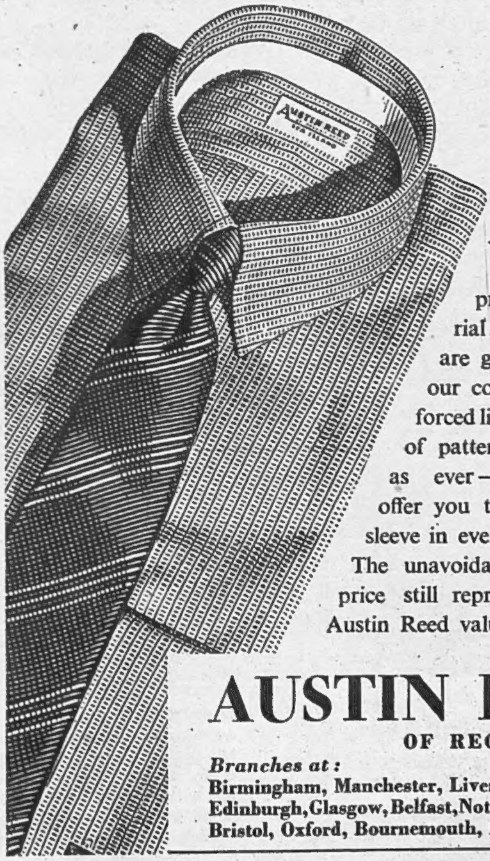
CRÈME SIMON Tubes 1/6 & 6d. plus tax. Jars 3/9, 2/3 & 1/3 plus tax.
CRÈME SIMON M.A.T. Tubes 1/6 & 6d. plus tax. Jars 2/3, 1/3 & 6d. plus tax

CRÈME SIMON

YOUR MIRROR WILL TELL YOU—
Crème Simon care makes all the difference.

Summit Shirts

- stay the same as they started



WE are using pre-shrunk material; our colours are guaranteed fast; our collars have reinforced linings; our range of patterns is as wide as ever—*and* we still offer you three lengths of sleeve in every size of shirt. The unavoidable increase in price still represents the full Austin Reed value.

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Smees.

Family in council

Father : Well, Mother! Balanced the budget yet?

Mother : Balanced it? Just take a look at the figures See what I've *saved* last month.

Son : You're marvellous, Mum! How do you manage it?

Mother : Oh, I've made it my duty—saving a bit here, a bit there, giving up all sorts of things I find we can do without.

Father : That's the spirit. Every little helps. Whenever we resist the temptation to buy something we can do without, we release material and labour which is needed in the munition factories.

Mother : Exactly! We've all got to save, and in my little way, I'm doing my share.

Son : I'm afraid *I'm* not doing much . . . .

Father : You ought to, my boy! When your Mother's savings reach 15/- she goes off to the Post Office to get another Savings Certificate.

Mother : Yes, I pay 15/- but in 10 years' time it will be worth 20s. 6d. That's the point!

Father : I've bought them for years now—and I've got my full ration. *Now*, my savings go into Defence Bonds.

Son : It's about time *I* got started! I'll join our Office Savings Group to-day.

Save regularly week by week. *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-1948, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

A SENSE OF VALUE—(*Continued from page 92.*)

Hailing a taxi, he forgot the restraint of a lifetime and told the driver to go like hell. A few seconds later he altered the course and stopped before a window where the name of Gurnstein appeared over flashing trays of jewellery.

His impatience had almost reached the pitch of panic as the taxi swerved madly into Hadley Road and drew up before his own house.

"Where is Miss Verers?" he asked the maid.

"In her room, Sir." The girl gaped at the spattered suit that he had not stopped to brush. Lytton strode past her and tapped on a door across the passage.

"Come in." Reassurance swept over him at the sound of the cool voice.

It was rather a dark little room, but Margery had not wanted to move into his aunt's old quarters. She was bending over a suitcase as he came in and the bed and chairs were covered with neatly stacked clothes and oddments. He stopped dead in the doorway.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

She started guiltily as she dropped the lid of the case.

"What brings you back so soon?"

"I wanted to see you." His knees were shaking again and he leant against the door for support. "What *are* you doing?"

She hesitated, looking away, her face silhouetted against the window with unbearable familiarity.

"I want to know." His voice was hoarse.

"I suppose it's as well now as to-night." She twisted her hands nervously. "It's just that—I'm going away."

"I don't understand!"

"I can't go through with it. I've known it for a long time—almost from the beginning really, only I wouldn't face it." She was standing with her back to him now and her voice came jerkily.

"It was a temptation. You see, I loved you. I could hardly believe it when you asked me to marry you. You hadn't seemed really fond of me, but I pretended it would be all right. I wanted it so much. But you only wanted me because I was useful to you. I couldn't have borne our marriage to be like that." She paused and, as he stood in stricken silence, added gently: "You see, you don't really love me. Somehow that argument about the ring convinced me that you never would. You couldn't do anything just to please *me*. Now that your aunt is dead you don't really *need* me any more."

"Oh, my darling—I do so desperately!" Lytton found his voice as he slipped weakly on to the bed. "When I saw the whole place in ruins it seemed to show me how empty and dead all that part of my life was. My only thought was to get back to you."

He buried his face in his hands, but Margery had already sprung forward with a cry of alarm as the light fell on him.

"Sweetheart, what have they done to you? Your poor knees—and there's a scratch on your forehead!" She was kissing away the little trickle of blood.

"I've never done a thing for *you*!" he muttered. "But I did tell Gurnstein about the sapphires."

"Darling, what are you saying? You're feverish."

He seized the caressing fingers and pressed them against his lips.

"Such soft, gentle hands!" he murmured. "Diamonds are too hard for them. I called in on the way up and told him I'd changed my mind."

"You could think of that at such a moment!"

"I wanted so terribly to make you happy. Deep blue sapphires to match your eyes, like starlight on a summer sea."

"I've never heard you say things like that before." Her eyes were half-anxious, half-wondering.

"I was a scholar of Balliol once and wrote sonnets." He smiled shyly. "I'd almost forgotten."

"I never even knew. I often tried to imagine what you were like when you were really young. Sometimes I thought I almost saw that other man, behind the one that sat in an office all day planning how to make one shilling go as far as five."

"He died to-day, poor fellow. You'll never see him again."

"I'm so glad!" Margery whispered close to his ear. "I was beginning to be a little frightened of him."

"Let's forget him. I've so many other things to tell you. Where shall I begin?"

"Tell me some more about my eyes being like sapphires."

She hid her face suddenly against him, and twenty years dropped from Lytton's laugh as he began to tell her.

THE END.

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